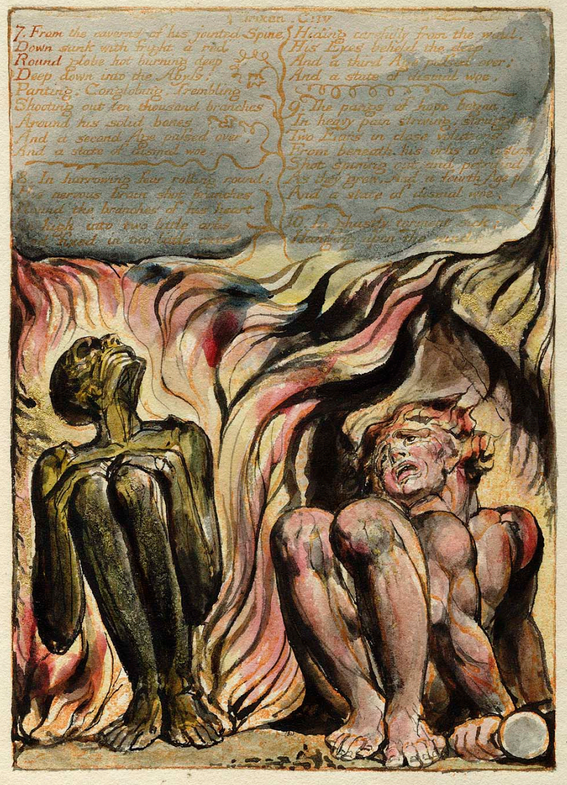
7. From the caverns of his jointed Spine
Down sunk with fright a red
Round Globe hot burning deep
Deep down into the Abyss;
Panting. Conglobing. Trembling
Shooting out ten thousand branches
Around his solid bones
And a second Age passed over;
And a state of dismal woe
In harrowing fear rolled round:
His nervous brain shot branches
Round the branches of his heart
High into two little orbs
Fixed in two little orbs
Hiding carefully from the wind.
His Eyes behold the deep
And a third Age passed over;
And a state of dismal woe.
9. The pangs of hope began
In heavy pain strugling beneath
Two Forms in close folded pain
From beneath his orbs of vision
Shot spinning out each perfect limb
The first growth of a fourth Age
And a state of dismal woe.
10. In ghastly torment sick
Hanging down the roof of